

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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The White Carnation.

BY MARJORIE DILLON

BLOSSOM, dainty little flower!
Petal-fringe unfolding
To the sun this very hour—
Sweetest perfume holding.
For you're mine, you flow'r of snow!
I chose *you*—no other;
Mine to wear, the world to show
How I love my mother!

Summer-resorting for Mother.

BY MARY LOUISE STETSON.

"I THINK it's just too mean for anything, so there! Of course, when we were little, mother couldn't go off with her friends and have a good time. She had to stay at home to take care of us. But now we're all grown up" (Madge spoke the last two words with a deal of importance) "she could have gone just as well as not if it hadn't been for the horrid old war. I think it's just mean!"

"What's that you twinnies think mean?" called a cheery voice from the clothes-reel, and sister's smiling face peered out from between two roller-towels. "Just you wait till I've emptied the basket and I'll be with you. We'll have to drive away that meanness, whatever it is."

Mabel laughed, Madge smiled, and Grace twirled the reel about to find a line long enough for the last sheet, humming a merry tune while she worked. Soon the big sister came running down to the orchard where the two younger sisters were hulling strawberries in the shade of the apple trees.

"My dears, what's the trouble?" asked Grace, dropping into the hammock. "You may be sure Big Sister will help if she can."

"It's about mother," Mabel answered. "We think it's a shame when father's been saving and you've been making her a lot of pretty new clothes, and we've been trying to be just as grown-up as ever we can so she won't feel that we have to be taken care of any more, that she can't afford to go away and have a week with her friend Nellie Harvey, all because of the war."

"We think it's too mean for anything," asserted Madge, in staccato tones. "Mrs. Harvey won't be here next summer. She'll have gone back to her home in the West, and maybe mother won't see her again, ever. And I suppose mother loves her girlhood friend just as much as we love Gladys Smith."

For a while, Grace lay in the hammock looking up at the blue sky far above the green branches, and thought. She, too, felt sorry that circumstances over which loyal mother had no control had made impossible the week at a real summer resort in company with the lady who once was mother's school chum. Slowly, her face brightened.

"I have a plan, twinnies!" she cried, springing to a sitting posture. "I'm not certain we can make everything work around right, but there's no telling what may happen



From painting by Sichel.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

when father, and you two, and I all put on our thinking caps! Next Monday is mother's birthday. Now if only we can make that day a happy one for her and the beginning of the surprise, then"—

"Hush!" warned Madge, excitedly. "She's coming!"

The rest of the delightful plan was not explained to the twins until after dinner when Mrs. Horton was taking her nap. That evening while she was calling upon a sick neighbor, it was shared with father, who listened attentively, and then made a final suggestion which set his daughters dancing for joy.

"I'll do my part, girls, if you think you can do yours," he said.

"Oh, we can, we can!" they exclaimed, and Madge rushed over to give father a big hug.

Tuesday had not passed before mother was certain that some secret was brewing.

"I wonder what all these whisperings can mean," she mused playfully. "Madge whispers to Mabel, and Grace whispers to father, but no one whispers to me."

The three girls laughed. Grace put her arm about mother's stooped shoulders and kissed her cheek.

"Folks that are going to have birthdays mustn't ask questions," she warned. "Yours is going to be just the happiest birthday ever, if only you'll promise to forget you're one year older and think instead that you're twenty-one years younger. Will you promise me that, mother mine?"

Mrs. Horton smiled. "I'll do my best, dear," she answered.

"Then, please, may I telephone the wet-wash man to call for the clothes?" coaxed Madge, eager to make sure that Monday's chief care should not interfere with mother's birthday outing.

"Twenty-one years ago, dears, I was a light-hearted schoolgirl, so if I'm to play I'm twenty-one years younger, I mustn't scrub even a handkerchief."

"Oh, good! You're a real sport, mother, that's what you are!" And Madge's face beamed with admiration and happiness.

To the delight of all the Hortons, Monday dawned a perfect summer's day. No sooner had breakfast been eaten than preparations were under way for packing a luncheon.

"Is it a trip to the mountain?" Mrs. Horton inquired.

"No," Grace answered. "It's an all-day trip to the lake, for you and Mabel."

"But, dear"—mother began. Then she laughed. "No, I mustn't make any objections on my birthday, must I?"

"Of course not," acquiesced Madge, gleefully. "You're just the best mother that ever was! Grace and I want a chance to show what good housekeepers we are. We'll Hooverize, too. Honestly, we will."

"Yes, we will," agreed the elder sister. "You can drop the care, mother mine, for Madge and I are already picking it up and we'll keep it till an hour after sunset."

Such a glorious day as that was for the tired little mother and for the daughter who, like her mother, revelled in the beauty of mountain, lake, and field! An old shawl spread out beneath a sheltering maple some distance beyond the last of the cottages made a delightful resting-place. In this nook, the quiet picnickers enjoyed the luncheon that Grace had prepared. When that was finished, Mabel gathered some fresh branches of fir, and made, from the corner of the shawl, a fragrant pillow.

"There, little birthday lady, why can't you have your nap right here?" she smiled. "The shawl, I guess, will be big enough to go under you and over you and make a pillow besides."

"Oh, I'm not tired to-day, dear," mother objected.

But she curled up in the tiny bed a loving daughter prepared for her, and then those merry little waves down on the shore sang the softest lullaby. Mother slept while Mabel sat near and had a happy hour with her day-dreams. Then came a long afternoon on the lake. By-and-by the sun sent rippling waves of golden light across the water, then dropped between the blue mountains. It was the peaceful time of the afterglow, a gentle reminder that the picnickers must soon be homeward bound.

"Has it been a happy birthday?" Mabel asked, as the car sped back toward the city.

"Yes, dear, very happy," Mother answered, and the color in her cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes gave the same assurance.

No sooner had they stepped upon the piazza than the door opened as if of its own accord. Behold, a porter stood just within, a tall, genial porter, in a dress-suit—who kissed Mrs. Horton as she came in, in a most unporterlike fashion.

With a quiet smile of understanding, Mabel ran out to the kitchen while the porter escorted the other arrival to the chamber where she had slept only the night before. There a dressing-maid waited, ready to assist in the donning of that shimmering gray silk which was to have been a part of the seashore outfit.

"Well, well, well!" mother exclaimed. "Henry, Grace, I don't know what to make of all this ceremony in my own home, but I'll try my best to play the lady."

"You will simply have to be yourself," complimented her husband, as with a deep bow he left the room.

"Whoo-who-o!" called the dressing-maid from the head of the stairs, and immediately the sound of violins was heard. A musical critic might not have been entirely satisfied if compelled to listen, for the players had had instruments only since Christmas, but she in whose honor the music was given choked back the tears and murmured, "Bless their dear hearts!" as, escorted by Grace, she descended to the dining-room.

Again a door opened as if by magic. The sweet little woman in the gray silk stood on the threshold and drank in the loveliness before her. Motherlike, she turned first to the further side of the room where two rosy-cheeked, white-clad girlies in a bower of wild ferns played on the cherished violins, then to the mural decorations of ferns and wild flowers, and finally to the table with its snowy damask, and the bouquet of beautiful hot house roses, purchased for her, she knew, by some one who loved her better than any one else in the whole wide world.

"O Henry, girlies, all this—for me?" she asked tremulously.

"Indeed it is, Mother dear!" said Grace, and the violin players waved their bows.

Then a merry laugh sounded from the hall, and two arms crushed wrinkles into the gray silk the very first time it was worn. But the wearer never once thought of clothes.

"Perhaps, Martha dear, I'm appearing on the scene too soon, but I'm so hungry for a sight of you, I can't wait a minute longer!"

"Nellie, not you!" gasped the mistress of the house. "Not you, away up here in Maine!"

"Yes, I. I believe I'd have gone to China rather than to have given up our week together. But I don't have to go to China, neither do you. Your husband has asked me to spend it here with you."

"It's to be a real vacation for you, mother," said Grace. "The twins and I are to have charge of everything, and you are to be quite free to do whatever you please."

"We can do it, mother," said Mabel; "just try us!"

"You'll see," echoed Madge. "It is part of your birthday present."

They were soon seated at the table where a dainty birthday supper awaited the family and guest.

"I'm too happy to say a word!" sighed the lady at the head of the table.

"Words are quite unnecessary, dear," the man opposite assured her. "The guest, the daughters, and I are all satisfied. Your face tells us that our plan is proving a great success."

"'Lucky stones' are the stones we have climbed over, and usually they have hurt our feet and tested our courage and perseverance in the process."

Bobby's Garden.

BY EDNA S. KNAPP.

BOBBY was the youngest of Mothersweet's eight. Father Leigh had eight children, too, but that did not make twice eight in the family. They all lived on a farm, where they had good times and good appetites and grew strong and brown. All but Bobby had gardens last year; Betty and Sue, Jim and Alice, Hal, Persis, and Mary had gardens which they worked themselves. Mothersweet said Bobby should have a garden when he was five, and his birthday came in May.

Now Mothersweet did all the work for her big family except where the children could help, so she was a very busy person. But this birthday morning, when the rest had started for school, father harnessed Old Sally, and Bobby went to town with Mothersweet. She chose many things; he bought a small set of garden tools and five packages of seeds,—radishes because Sue liked them, lettuce for Mothersweet, tomatoes for father, carrots for Alice, and parsnips for Mary.

When they reached home, Mothersweet put on his overalls and told him to go out to play, for she must work. Father was busy at the far end of the farm. Bobby played a while, but he was very anxious to start his garden. "Mother is busy, so I mustn't bother, and father is busy, too. I guess I'll go and plant my garden all by myself. Won't they be surprised?" he thought. They were, and I think you will be when you find how he planted it.

He went out back of the barn and dug a big deep hole, then he had to sit down to rest. Gardens made lots of work, he found, and hard work, too. So he put in all the lettuce seed on the bottom of the hole, next he put in the tomato seed and more dirt, then the parsnip seed, the carrots, and lastly the radishes. He filled the hole and stamped the dirt down hard, then brought several pails of water in his little red pail before he went to sleep in the hammock.

When the others came from school, they wanted to see his tools and seeds.

"Why, the tools look as if they had been used," said Jim.

"Where are your seeds?" asked Persis.

"I planted them all by myself. Come, and I'll show you." Bobby led the way back of the barn to the little trampled spot. He had to explain what he had done and how he had done it, whereat the children laughed so hard he ran to Mothersweet for comfort.

She smiled in spite of herself, but she explained that he was thinking of the way father planted trees,—it was exactly right for that. So she told him about making a soft bed for the seed babies, and putting in food for them to grow big and strong. Then the others came in and Jim said: "I'll help you fix the ground right. Come along, Bobby, we will all help."

"I'll help you plant," said Hal.

"I will give you half my radish seeds," said Sue.

"I'll give you half my lettuce seed," said Betty.

"You may have half my tomato seed," said Persis.

"I'll give you half my carrots," said Alice.

"And I will give you half my parsnip seed," said Mary.

So Bobby had his garden after all and all the children enjoyed it because all had a part in making it.

The "Promissory" Birthday Present.

A TOGGLES STORY.

BY FREDERICK HALL.

IT was out in the tool house where Toggles and grandpa had most of their week-day conferences (on Sundays it was usually in the hammock), and if you had been one of the chickens outside the door and could have heard what was said you would have appreciated that it was an important conference.

"I don't suppose mother is well enough for a birthday party," said Toggles.

"I'm afraid not," answered grandpa.

They did not talk any more about that,—there was no need to make each other sad by reminding each other of it.

"But of course we can give her presents," suggested Toggles.

"Certainly."

"You know, grandpa, I've thought a good deal about that. I would like to give her something very expensive, like a gold watch, or a diamond ring, or something like that. Only of course she has a watch and she likes the ring papa gave her better than she would any other no matter how much it cost, and anyhow I haven't got very much money—not near enough to buy jewelry or anything like that."

"I don't believe mother would care a great deal for jewelry," commented grandpa.

"Maybe she wouldn't. There's candy though, she likes that—a little. I might get her a box of candy."

"Yes." Grandpa stopped to drive a nail into the new chicken-coop he was making. "But I never saw mother with a box of candy that she didn't give away a great deal more of it than she ate herself."

Toggles nodded. He knew that too, now that he stopped to think.

"Besides," grandpa continued, "grandma, you know, is planning to have chicken for dinner, with custard for dessert—nutmeg on top and in the little glass bowls, you know; and then for supper, warm biscuits and maple syrup; and I really believe mother likes custard and maple syrup better than she does candy."

"Grandpa," exclaimed Toggles, "what would you get her—if you had thirty-eight cents? What can I buy that she would really like?"

Grandpa laid down his hammer and gave his whole attention to the matter.

"Why do you buy her anything?" he asked.

"Why, grandpa, I've got to give her something—that is, I don't mean I've got to, but—"

"You wouldn't need to buy it."

"No-o. I could make something, maybe. But would that be as nice?"

"I think it would be better, if you made what I am thinking about."

"What is it?" Toggles demanded.

"Well," answered grandpa, "I wouldn't think first about the thirty-eight cents. I would begin by asking, 'What can I give that would please mother the most?' And I think I know."

"What is it?"

"Sometimes," grandpa began, "I have heard mother say, 'It's time to go to bed now,' or 'Can't you let Mabel play with the blocks for a while,' or 'Better put on your shoes now'—when you wanted to go barefoot, you know; and always of course you did what mother asked you to, but you did not always do it right off and as if you wanted to do it."

"I know," admitted Toggles.

It was not at all a pleasant topic to talk

about, and he did not see what it could possibly have to do with mother's birthday.

"Well, now," grandpa continued, "I know, because I was a father long before I was a grandfather, that there is nothing makes fathers and mothers so happy as to have children mind right away—as if they enjoyed it more even than having their own way."

"I know, grandpa," Toggles confessed, "and I mean to mind that way always, but you see I forget"—

"I know just how that is, and that's where the present comes in. Do you remember the day we bought the pigs—of Mr. Salow? And the piece of paper I gave him, that I told you was a promissory note?"

Toggles nodded. He remembered all about it.

"Now if I should forget that I owe Mr. Salow that thirty dollars, he would just show me that piece of paper, and I would remember and pay him. What if you gave mother, for her birthday, something that she could show you to remind you— Well, suppose you and Mabel were fussing a little bit—you know sometimes you *do*; and suppose Mabel were all in the wrong—you know sometimes she *is*. Mother might show you your present and you would stop right then and there and give Mabel the croquet mallet, or the next turn in the swing, or whatever it was, *not* because Mabel deserved it, but because that would be your birthday present to mother and you would know that it would please mother not to have any more fussing."

Toggles did not at first quite understand it, but they talked a long while about it and after supper Toggles told grandma the plan and she thought it was a very good one. It certainly was a great surprise to mother. She never guessed one thing about it, and even when she found it on the tray on which they carried in her breakfast and was unwinding the tissue paper wrapping, she had no sort of idea what it was.

What came out of the wrapping was a little booklet, such as Toggles had learned to make in school, with a heavy, gray paper cover, the end tied with a bow of blue ribbon and lettered:

FOR MOTHER. FROM TOGGLES.

She opened it and inside were twelve little white slips, carefully perforated with a pin

along one edge, so that they could easily be torn out, and on each slip, written just as carefully as a six-year-old boy could write it, were these words:

GOOD FOR ONE CHEERFUL MINDING.

ON DEMAND.

(Signed) TOGGLES.

And the best of it was, every one of them was paid, as promptly and fully as any one could have wished.

A Glimpse of God.

BY M. WHEELER.

LIKE a brown leaf on the soft wind drifting,
Like the bright dew when the mist is lifting,
Like the Sun's gleam when the clouds are shifting,

Like the scent of flowers when the day is ending,

Like the setting Sun with the storm-clouds blending,

Like the tender trees o'er the water bending,

Like the flowers that spring from the church-yard sod,

Like the wind that maketh the cornstalks nod—

Like all these thing is a glimpse of God.

There are Fairies in the Tulips.

BY SAIDEE GERARD RUTHRAUFF.

THERE are fairies in the tulips
When the tulips nod their heads,
And they all wear their pajamas
In their little tulip beds!

Some wear red and some wear yellow,
One I saw with polka dots!
And the little tykes with striped ones—
Oh, of that kind I saw lots!

There are fairies in the tulips
When the tulips nod their heads,
For I saw them there one morning
In their little tulip beds!



GATHERING FLOWERS FOR MOTHER.



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Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

8 PROSPECT STREET.

ASHTABULA, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck,—We take *The Beacon* and I like it. The stories in it are very interesting. I can hardly wait for it to come.

I read the letters that other children send to you, on the back of the paper. They are very nice letters, too. I would like very much to join the Beacon Club, and wear a pin.

I go to the Presbyterian church, because we have no Unitarian church in our city. My teacher's name is Mrs. Faulkner. She is very nice. Our minister's name is Mr. McDonald. I am ten years old now, but will be eleven on March 21st.

Your loving friend,

ELIZABETH HALL.

21 MAIN STREET,

ELLSWORTH, ME.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the Unitarian church and Sunday school. Rev. J. W. Tickle is our minister. Miss Mabel Lord is our Sunday school teacher. I am in the sixth grade in the grammar school. I am twelve years old. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much. My cousin Catharine is writing to you too, we have just got home from

Sunday school. I would like to join the Beacon Club and wear a button.

Yours truly,

DORIS WARDWELL.

2153 SACRAMENTO STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would very much like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. I go to the Pilgrim Unitarian Sunday school. Our minister's name is Rev. Mr. Dutton, and the superintendent's name is Mr. Taylor. My teacher's name is Miss Murdock. I think *The Beacon* is an interesting paper, don't you?

With best wishes to you, I am,

Yours truly,

PHILIP LONEY.

14 MID STREET,

DUNDEE, SCOTLAND.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have attended the Unitarian Sunday school since some time before I went to day school. Our minister's name is Mr. Williamson, and my teacher is Mrs. Elsie Anderson. I am ten years old and would like to become a member of your Beacon Club. My little brother George also comes to Sunday school. He is in the infant's class.

I am,

Yours truly,

JEANNIE MCINTOSH LOW.

My Friend, Mr. T—.

BY GERTRUDE CHANDLER WARNER.

I HAVE a very kind friend who lives in my garden. And I like him so well, I would like to introduce him to you. He never leaves my garden although he hasn't a roof over his head,—unless a big cucumber leaf could be called a roof. He isn't exactly good looking either,—in fact he is a very homely dull grayish brown color, with funny humps and hubbles all over his back. The best thing about him is his tongue. It is very long and forked, and it darts in and out so fast, it is hard work to see it at all, even if you bend down and watch as hard as you can.

Perhaps you have guessed that my friend is Mr. Toad.

I am ashamed to tell this part of the story. The first time I ever saw him sitting under my cabbage leaves, I hunted around for a stick and tried to drive him away! He didn't drive very easily, so I sat down and looked hard at him and tried to think what to do about it. It was just then that I found out what business he had in my garden. His red tongue darted out, and seized a fat cabbage worm. Then a long, wriggly "thousand-legged" worm came crawling along (not knowing that my friend was there), and soon he, too, was snapped up.

I made up my mind that the toad was my friend. He could kill twice as many bugs and things as I could. So I found some more big fellows in the woods, and brought them home in a basket. And I promised them that, if they would eat my bugs, I would tell people how nice they were.

And they have kept my garden in fine shape now for a year, so I think it is high time I kept my side of the bargain. Don't you?

For Mother.

(A Mother's Day exercise for three children.)

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

FIRST CHILD:

I'll tell her how lovely and kind she is—

As sweet as the bonny clover;

I'll whisper there's only one mother for me,

Just one the whole world over!

SECOND CHILD:

I'll give her carnations, all fragrant and white,

The blossoms that just suit mother;

And a kiss and a hug—not a frown all day—

For never was such another!

THIRD CHILD:

I'll show her how grateful I am for her—

No mother is dearer or kinder.

I'll try to be thoughtful, and help the day long,

And practice without a reminder!

ALL:

And so if we try on this Mother's Day

Each one, and our sister and brother—

Perhaps she'll find time just to rest, and to feel

Still gladder that she is *our mother!*

Bobby was sent by his father on an errand to an elderly relative who placed great stress upon manners. Upon his return, his father questioned him as to his reception.

"There is no use writing any more letters to him, father. He can't see to read them. He is blind."

"Blind!"

"Yes. He asked me twice where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time."

Christian Intelligencer.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXIV.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 16, 17, is a beautiful month.

My 15, 19, 22, 26, is part of a house.

My 10, 11, 14, is food for some animals.

My 3, 7, 5, 4, flies in the air.

My 24, 25, 21, is at the bottom of a skirt.

My 2, 12, 13, 4, 9, 20, is to come into view.

My 18, 7, 8, 6, live in the sea.

My 1, 7, 23, 25, is a very small portion.

My *whole* is a bit of timely advice.

M. J. WALLACE.

ENIGMA LXV.

I am a word of 17 letters.

My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, is a man's Christian name, who is often mentioned in the Old Testament.

My 13, 14, 17, 11, is a part of the body.

My 6, 5, 16, 2, 11, 3, is some one of great use to a nation.

My 17, 9, 2, 15, is part of a ship.

My 7, 5, 3, 6, 11, is an animal on whose head you will generally find my 10, 11, 2, 13, 17.

My 15, 14, 10, 16, is a title of distinction.

My 1, 9, 2, 15, 5, 3, is some one who, when he is on my 6, 11, 9, is glad to see my 15, 9, 13, 16.

My 15, 11, 9, is a river in England, as also is my 12, 9, 10, 11.

My *whole* is the name of a celebrated painter.

Exchange.

RIDDLE.

I went to school: the teacher took me;

She dropped me, and all sense forsook me;

I stopped all right, not moving fast or slow,

And then she sent me off, because I did not go.

I'm her companion, working night and day,

Though I've no arms or feet. What am I—say?

The Mayflower.

MORE TWISTED NAMES OF MEN IN UNITED STATES HISTORY.

1. Eerbstw.
2. Veelndacl.
3. Aoknsj.
4. Efejnjosr.
5. Chckoan.
6. Rubr.
7. Ylac.
8. Trteeve.
9. Etlosoerv.
10. Klcyenim.

JEAN HAYS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 30.

ENIGMA LX.—Mr. Britling Sees It Through.

ENIGMA LXI.—Daniel Webster.

TWISTED NAMES OF MEN IN UNITED STATES HISTORY.—1. Wilson. 2. Washington. 3. Lincoln. 4. Grant. 5. Pershing. 6. Columbus. 7. Hudson. 8. Dewey. 9. Franklin. 10. Boone.

A SQUADRON OF SHIPS.—1. Courtship. 2. Hardship. 3. Statesmanship. 4. Lordship and Ladyship. 5. Scholarship. 6. Championship. 7. Fellowship. 8. Friendship. 9. Companionship. 10. Partnership. 11. Workmanship. 12. Leadership.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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